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# *Memoirs of P. R. Jarvis*

## I.

### PREFACE

I have had it in mind for some years to write a short account of my life to enable my children and grandchildren to have in their possession a written record of many of the stories they have often heard me tell and to give them in addition to this, many experiences, and present to them scenes, through which I have passed. If they feel inclined to read these pages I shall feel amply repaid for the trouble of writing them, and if they gain some information in their perusal, so much the better.

As a man grows old and nears the boundary of the invisible world beyond, he experiences a deepening interest in all the scenes and circumstances of his younger days—he looks with a sort of pride on the olden times, in contrast with the degenerate modern days, and if he has enjoyed life and used the advantages which have come his way, he will have a strong desire to leave behind him some record, however humble, to his posterity. This is my excuse for attempting a short history of the events of a life of seventy-three years.